

The Mirror

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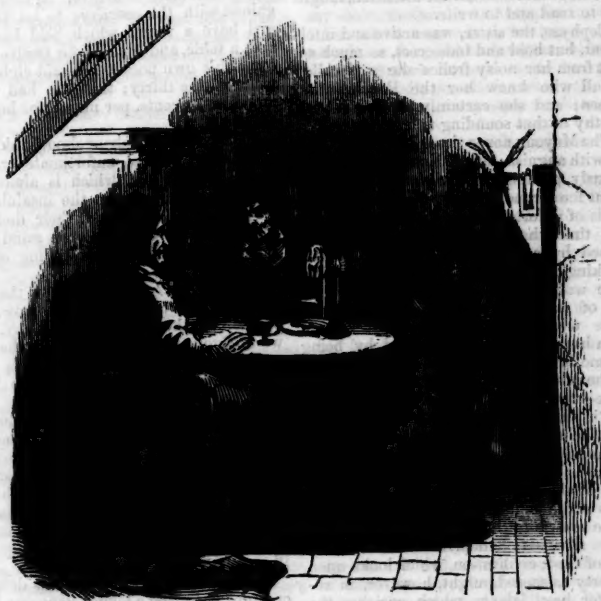
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THE WANDERING JEW.



MADAME BAUDOIN, AGRICOLA, AND THE MAYEUX.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguerite," &c.

CHAPTER XII.—THE BACCHANALIAN QUEEN'S SISTER.

The person who entered the house of Dagobert's wife was a little deformed woman, about eighteen years of age; she was No. 1231.]

not what is positively termed humpbacked, but her body was curved like an S, with her head sunk between her shoulders. Her features thin, pale, and regular, and very much marked with the small-pox, were expressive of sadness. By one of Nature's singular caprices, the prettiest woman in the world would have been proud of the long, beautiful chestnut hair that hung in clusters round the neck of this poor girl. She held an old basket in one hand, and although badly clothed, yet her dress, such

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as it was, evinced the greatest neatness, cleanliness, and order. In the suffering and resigned countenance of this unfortunate creature, misery and grief were fearfully depicted. From her birth she had become an object of ridicule, bearing from her infancy the name of the Mayeux or Humpy, which grotesque appellation brought at every instant her sad misfortune to her recollection. Dagobert's wife and Agricola, although very kind to her, never called her by any other name.

The Mayeux had a very pretty sister, whom Perrine Soliveau, their stepmother, tenderly loved, but who treated the former with harshness and disdain. The poor girl, in weeping, used to go to Frances, Dagobert's wife, who consoled her, and to encourage and distract her attention, taught her to read and to write.

Cephyse, the sister, was active and intelligent, but bold and indiscreet, so much so, that from her noisy frolics she was called by all who knew her the Bacchanalian Queen; and she certainly showed herself worthy of that sounding title.

The Mayeux never thought of her sister but with anguish; she continued to work assiduously, gaining, by early and late hours, about four francs a week. There are thousands of unfortunate creatures at the present time whose hard labours are recompensed by a like pittance, which, to the thinking man, is unjust, is revolting. Female work is paid at least half less than that of man's. That is, we suppose, because women are *weak and delicate*, and often have their wants doubled by being left mothers of helpless children.

The Mayeux lived, then, on four francs a week—that is, if working fifteen hours a day, if suffering from hunger and cold, can be called existence.

The savage who knows nothing of civilisation has the beasts of the forests, the birds of the air, the fish of the river, the fruits of the land to live upon; and for shelter he resorts to the thick trees in the forest. Civilisation deprives man of these gifts of God; civilisation, which looks upon property as sacred, might, however, in return for hard labour, which enriches the country, give a salary sufficient to secure a wholesome livelihood; nothing more nor nothing less. Can it be called existence to live from day to day in that extreme boundary which separates life from the grave, and exposes all to cold, hunger, and disease.

To give an idea of the life which society inexorably imposes upon thousands of honest, industrious labourers, by its negligence to all that relates to a just remuneration for labour, we will show how this poor girl existed on four francs a week.

Six lbs. of bread, sec. quality	84 cent.*
Two buckets of water	20
Dripping (butter being too expensive)	50
Salt	7
A bushel of charcoal	40
A quart of dry vegetables	30
Three quarts of potatoes	20
Candles	33
Needles and thread	25

Total 3,09: 3f. 9c.

Leaving a balance of ninety-one centimes for clothes and lodging.

By good luck she was an exception with respect to her room to many poor creatures. Not to hurt her feelings, which were extremely sensitive, Agricola bargained with the *conciérge* to let the poor girl have a room, which held exactly a bed, a table, and a chair, for twelve francs; out of his own pocket he paid eighteen to make up the thirty; thus she had a franc and seventy cents. per month for her other expenses.

If a scarcity of labour should take place, or if any of these unfortunate creatures should become ill, which is almost constantly occurring from the insalubrity of their abodes, and from their diet, becomes of them. Alas! the mind is appalled, and shrinks from dwelling on such gloomy pictures.

This insufficiency of salary is the cause of much vice and of much sorrow. The position of the Mayeux, or Humpy, which we are going to depict, exhibits the moral and physical condition of thousands of human creatures who are obliged to live in Paris on four francs a week.

The poor Mayeux, notwithstanding the generosity of Agricola, lived miserably. Her health, which was always delicate, was seriously affected by privation—still so sensitive was this poor girl, that she pretended to gain a great deal more than she did, to prevent Madame Bandoin and Agricola from offering her what they could ill spare.

Strange though it may be, this deformed creature possessed a loving, generous heart, and a cultivated mind. The Mayeux was the first one to whom Agricola showed his poetical ebullitions. One day, to the great astonishment of Agricola, who had finished reading a few of his verses, the young girl blushed, and timidly showed him a few verses of her composition, which, though failing in harmony, were simple and touching. From that day he consulted her, and they mutually encouraged each other. The young girl, who had been brought up with Agricola, loved him as

* There are a hundred centimes to a franc which latter sum is about 10d. English money.

much as an unfortunate creature such as she was could love—who hid her passion in the inmost recesses of her heart, and from fear of its being known, assumed the greatest reserve in Agricola's presence and in that of his mother; she alone possessed the secret.

Such was the poor girl who entered the house of Dagobert's wife, when she was busily preparing Agricola's supper.

"Is it you, my poor Mayeux? I have not seen you all day. Have you been ill? Come and kiss me."

"I have been very busy, and have just finished my work. I am going for charcoal. Do you want anything?"

"No, my child; but I am very uneasy—Agricola has not come home. He will kill himself with working. Alas! for a quarter of an hour I have not been able to see a bit; no, not so much as to permit me to sow these sacks. It breaks my heart the very thought of living at the expense of my son."

"Ah, Madame Baudoin, if Agricola heard you."

"I know, very well, he thinks only of my happiness; but that renders me still more miserable. To be with me, he foregoes all the advantages that his comrades have, of lodging with his master—the good and excellent Mr. Hardy. Instead of living in this miserable place, where we can scarcely see in broad daylight, he would have, as the other workmen of the establishment, and at very little expense, a good room, well heated in winter, aired in summer, and surrounded with gardens and trees which he loves so much. Besides, he never thinks of the long distance he has to go every morning and evening; it is enough to fatigue any one."

"Ah! Madame, he forgets all that in thinking of your comfort. Mr. Hardy offered you a house at Plessy, but Agricola knew that you would not leave the one in which he was born, and refused.—Stop, Madame," added the Mayeux, blushing, "be comforted, he is coming up the stairs."

A cheerful sound reached the mother's ears. It was the lively song of the blacksmith, whose voice was full, sweet, and sonorous.

"He must not see me weeping," said the good mother, wiping the tears from her eyes. This is his only hour of enjoyment after his labour; I must not embitter it by showing him that I have been in tears."

CHAPTER XIII.—AGRICOLA BAUDOIN.

The poetical blacksmith was a tall, active, robust young man, about twenty years of age. His hair and eyes were jet black,

his nose aquiline, and his countenance open and expressive. He wore velvetene trowsers and a blue blouse, darkened by the smoke of the forge; a black cravat carelessly tied round his well-developed neck, and on his head a cloth cap, with a small peak in front. One thing contrasted strangely with the homely habiliments of Agricola—a magnificent flower of dark purple, with silvery petals which he held in his hand.

"Good evening, mother," said he, on entering; then, smiling, he added, "and my little Mayeux, how do you do?"

"You are late, my son," said Madame Baudoin, going to the frying-pan to serve up the modest repast; "I was becoming uneasy about you."

"Was it about me, or about my supper, my dear mother?" said Agricola, gaily. "You never forgive me when late—you are afraid that the good little supper, which you always prepare for me, should be spoiled. O gourmand! go along with you," and Agricola tapped his mother familiarly under the chin.

"You rascal; you will make me upset the frying-pan."

"That would be a pity, my good mother, it smells so nice; let me see what it is. I'll wager it's potatoes fried with lard; you know I like them for supper."

"It is Saturday," said Madame Baudoin, reproachfully.

"You are right, mother," said Agricola, winking knowingly to the Mayeux, "it is Saturday, and here's my wages."

"O what a lovely flower," exclaimed the Mayeux; as Agricola was about to give his mother the money; "such a flower in the middle of winter! Look, Madame Baudoin."

"What a lovely flower; and how nicely it smells. Where did you get it, my son? did you find it?"

"Find it, my good mother. No, no; there is nothing so beautiful to be picked up on the way from the Barrière du Maine to the Rue Brise-Miche. But I see you are both curious. I will satisfy you. This flower accounts for my being so late. As I was turning the corner of the Rue de Babylone, I heard the faint yelping of a dog. I looked, and saw the prettiest little poodle I ever beheld, about the size of my hand, with long silken ears that hung to its feet. I lifted up the little creature, which began to lick my hand. It had a broad silk ribbon round its neck, beneath which was a small plate attached to a gold chain. I took a match from my box, rubbed it, and saw—Lutine: Miss Adrienne de Cardoville, No. 7, Rue de Babylone. I walked by the side of a long wall, then I came to a porter's lodge. I rang the bell; I saw bright eyes on the other side of the gate, which was at

length opened; I looked, and saw a beautiful young girl, in the costume of by-gone ages. Scarcely had she opened the gate, than she exclaimed—"O sir, Lutine, you found it, and brought it to its mistress. How happy Miss Adrienne will be! Come, you must see her, as she would be displeased if I deprived her of the pleasure of returning you thanks for such a kind act." And without giving me time to reply, she walked away, making a sign for me to follow her. Ah, my good mother, it is impossible to describe all that I saw in traversing the magnificent saloon full of crystal, and beautiful flowers that embalmed the air. In the midst of this dazzling sight was a young lady of ideal beauty, whose hair was more brilliant than gold, whose eyes were dark, and whose white skin resembled the alabaster. "Mademoiselle," said the young girl I followed, and who, notwithstanding her handsome dress, was only a servant, "here is Lutine. This man found it and brought it here." "O sir," said the young lady, whose voice was soft and musical, "O sir, how can I thank you for this kind service—for this honest act. I have a foolish attachment to this little creature." Then looking at me, and thinking from my appearance that she might show her gratitude otherwise than in words, she took a small silk purse from her pocket, and said, "No doubt, sir, you have lost time in coming here. Take this."

"Ah, Agricola," said the Mayeux, "she did not know you."

"Stop. Seeing that her offer wounded my feelings, she took this flower from a magnificent china vase, saying, in an accent full of kindness, 'At least, sir, you will accept this flower.' As I was taking it, another young girl beautifully dressed entered, saying, 'Mademoiselle, he is there.' At these words, the young lady rose, and said, 'I shall never forget, sir, that I am your debtor. Be so kind as to remember my name and address.' Then she disappeared. The young girl who conducted me to the room showed me to the door, and after saluting me graciously, left me in the Rue de Babylone, bewildered and confused. It seemed to me as if I had left an enchanted palace."

"It is true, my child. It is like a fairy tale. Is it not so, my poor Mayeux?"

"Yes, Madame Baudoin," said the young girl, in an air of distraction, which was not observed by Agricola or his mother. The poor girl was suffering bitterly. She felt no hatred, nor was she jealous, of that young lady whose beauty and wealth were so distinguishable; but she never before had felt so severely the effects of ugliness and poverty.

"Now, my dear mother," said Agricola,

"I have told you one of the causes that made me so late; I shall now tell you the other. On coming to the door, I met the dyer, who stopped me with his stained green arms, and said, with a frightened air, that he had seen a well-dressed man walking near the house, as if watching for some one. I replied, 'Well, Father Lorient, are you afraid that they find out the secret of dyeing those splendid long green gloves that you wear;' and after telling him that they may spy away, he retired, and I made my way up stairs."

In saying these words, Agricola put his money in his mother's drawer. Madame Baudoin then placed the frying-pan on a corner of the table, and the Mayeux went and fetched a jug of water, which she handed to Agricola.

"Thank you, my little Mayeux," said Agricola. "How kind you are. Come, take this beautiful flower for your trouble."

"You give it to me!" cried the poor girl, with emotion, whilst a red flush enlivened her pale and interesting countenance. "You give me the flower which the lovely, good, handsome, rich, and kind lady gave you—you give it to me," repeated the poor Mayeux, confused and stupefied.

"What the deuce should I do with it. Wear it near my heart, or mount it on a golden pin?" said Agricola, laughing. "I was pleased with the manner in which the young lady thanked me; I am happy in having found her little dog; and I am delighted in seeing that you are pleased with the flower. You see I have made a good day of it."

Agricola washed his hands, took the seat which his mother had placed for him, and looking at the Mayeux, said, "Will you not sup with me?"

"No, thank you, Agricola," said the Mayeux, looking downwards. "I have just had my supper."

"It was only for form's sake that I asked you, for you will never eat with us. You are like my mother; she always takes dinner by herself. In that way she spares everything, and prevents me from knowing it."

"No, my good son," said the mother, "it is for my health. An early dinner agrees with me. How do you like your supper; is it good?"

"Good, my mother; it is excellent. Cod is a splendid dish. Indeed, I ought to be a Newfoundland fisherman to have such a liking for it."

"Well, my son, since you like it so well, you shall have the same next Friday and Saturday."

"Do not give it me too often," said Agricola, laughing, "in case I take a surfeit. But let us speak of to-morrow. What say

you to a walk, and the Mayeux will accompany us."

"You know, Agricola," said the Mayeux, her face crimsoned and her eyes cast down; you know I must never go out with you and your mother again."

"And why so; may I ask you the reason for refusing me," said Agricola, smiling.

"Because," said the young girl, sadly, "I would not like you to have any more quarrels on my account."

"Ah, excuse me," said the blacksmith, striking his forehead.

What the poor girl alluded to was this:—The Mayeux used occasionally to go out on Sundays with Agricola and his mother, which, for the poor girl, was a treat of no ordinary kind, and to enable her to do so she had worked many a night, and fasted many a day, in order to buy a bonnet and shawl, to make herself appear respectable when with Agricola. The few walks that she had taken by the side of him whom she loved in secret were the happiest moments of her life.

One day, as they were strolling leisurely along, an uncouth man, in pushing past them, struck the poor girl with his elbow, which caused her to scream. The brute, instead of apologising, turned round and said, "You deserve it, cursed humpback."

Agricola, like his father, was gifted with that forbearing character which distinguishes the generous heart of the man of strength and courage, but, in chastising a cowardly insult, he was hasty and violent. He left his mother, and, rushing up to the man, who was about his own height and size, he gave him two of as hearty blows as were ever dealt on human face. The man wrenched to retaliate, but the athletic blacksmith repeated the dose, to the great satisfaction of all the bystanders.

One may easily conceive the regret that Agricola experienced in awakening the recollection of the poor girl to this painful circumstance. "Forgive me, my good Mayeux," he said; then, leaning his head over his chair, he added, "Come, let me kiss you," and he gave her two cordial smacks on her pale cheek.

At that hearty embrace the lips of the young girl became pale, and her heart beat so violently, that she was obliged to lean against the table.

"You forgive me, do you not?"

"Yes," said the poor girl, trying to overcome her emotion. "Pardon me in your turn for my weakness, but the recollection of that quarrel made me ill. I was so afraid; if the crowd had taken the part of the other man."

"Yes, indeed," said Madame Baudoin, "I never was so much afraid in my life."

"Oh," said Agricola, to change the

conversation, "you afraid; the wife of a soldier—of a grenadier of the imperial guard! Brave father; I think he will arrive soon. It is now four months since we heard from him, and he said that he would be in Paris about the end of January."

"That is true, my child; but now it is February, and we have heard nothing of him."

"That is the reason that we may expect him daily; and it would not astonish me should Gabriel arrive about the same time. Remember what he said in his last letter from America. What happiness, mother, if we were all meeting together.—But you weep."

"Alas, poor Baudoin, he must have suffered much. My heart bleeds when I think we have so little to comfort him after all his sufferings."

"What do you say?"

"At present I don't earn anything."

"Well! have we not a room for my brave father, and a good table too. When he and Gabriel arrive they will no longer have any occasion for masses—with that saving, my father may have his bottle of wine and his pipe and tobacco."

A knock at the door interrupted Agricola, who called out, "Come in."

The door was opened, and Father Lorient said, "I want to speak to you privately, Agricola."

"Is it about the spy you saw a short time ago?"

"No, no; he has gone away. Come, quick; it is very important."

The blacksmith rose, and went out, leaving his mother with the Mayeux.

(To be continued.)

LONDON ART-UNION.

The *Athenæum* says, "there is no denying the fact, that a large proportion of the subscribers purchase shares, not from a love of art, not for the purpose of gaining a picture, but the money, or as nearly as possible, the money's worth of the prize; and who, on becoming prize-holders, take the more obvious means of securing the object. One instance has occurred at the recent distribution; the particulars of which, so far as they have come to our knowledge, we do not hesitate to make public—a sense of duty outweighs all other considerations in our doing so; moreover, we have the consent of the artists named, to give the statement on their authority."

"On an early day after the drawing, Mr. Leahy, the artist of the large picture on the subject of Lady Jane Grey, was visited by two gentlemen, one of whom acted as spokesman, and the other remained almost mute, on behalf of a Mr. Saunders, of Bur-

ton-upon-Trent, who had obtained a prize of £200, in the London Art-Union. The speaker on this occasion candidly confessed that his friend did not want a picture, but money; and accordingly proceeded to make an offer of £25, for the nominal purchase of the 'Lady Jane Grey,' on condition of his receiving the remaining £175 in money. In reply, Mr. Leahy stated, that the arrangement was impossible, as the price of the picture alluded to was £400; but, even if it were not so, he should decline the proposition. They then took their leave. Soon after, his neighbour, Mr. Hollins, sent over to Mr. Leahy, with a request that he would come to him, and be present at a conversation between him and two applicants for one of his pictures. On entering the room, Mr. Leahy recognised the same gentlemen, and heard them make a similar offer to Mr. Hollins, increasing the bonus, however, to £50—which Mr. Hollins altogether refused, saying, that his character was worth more than £50, and that artists were to be treated as gentlemen, and ought not to be subject to such applications. After receiving some further admonitions from both artists, on the impropriety of their conduct, the strangers departed. Mr. Leahy and Mr. Hollins having heard that the same parties had been to other artists on a similar errand, gave notice of the facts to the officers of the Art-Union. The result remains to be known—meanwhile, for the satisfaction of our own minds, we called last Wednesday (4th inst.) at the office of the London Art-Union, and were there informed, that Mr. Saunders, the holder of the prize of £200, had purchased a picture by Mr. Lance, called 'The Grandmother.'

THE HANDLOOM WEAVER.

The heart that can feel for another would be smitten with incurable sadness could all the misery of those who have to toil for their bread be known. To open the fearful volume of life is an appalling task, for what do we read there but scenes of horrid violence, monstrous fraud, cruel meanness, and unmerited suffering. A volume lately published, entitled "Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver," furnishes some striking evidence of the sorrows of humble industry. The writer and his book are touchingly described by an able writer in the *Britannia*, part of which we shall transcribe. We read—

This handloom-weaver, though his talents must be widely known in Scotland, is at the loom still, with his employment fast failing him. He has "been taken by the hand" by a noble-hearted gentleman, Mr. Gordon, of Knockespeck, and his merit made known to a large number of eminent

personages. But preferment comes slow; poor William Thom has not yet met with the good fortune of the ploughman. No place in the excise has been offered to him. Such as he was in 1841, when his verses first met the public eye, such is he in 1844—a handloom-weaver. "The solitary loom," he says, "is fast sinking;" to avoid sinking with it, he gives these rhymes to the public. They are patronised by no noble names, honoured by no list of subscriptions; instead of the hot-pressed quarto you might expect, here is a poor, mean, little tract. He conceives it hopeless to appeal to the wealthy to purchase a half-guinea book, so he makes it as cheap as he can, that those who really love Scottish song may buy it, and that it may find its way into cottages, workshops, and factories—perhaps, also, into the solitary rooms of those who, like himself, still ply the shuttle with the hand.

But what has his fortune to do with that of Burns? He is not a Burns? Perhaps not; if he were it would take half a century to ratify his fame. When the ploughman's verses first became known they were not allowed to be compared with those of Ramsay and Ferguson. What wonder, then, that the claims of William Thom should be unrecognised, who stands so far apart from Burns, yet comes the nearest to him of all who have lived since his death? Scott and Campbell wrote in the southern tongue and for southern tastes, but all the best pieces of this author are in the favourite dialect and style of Burns. His themes are as humble; his love for his country—hardly as she has used him—as deep; his sympathy for distress as strong and pure; the fount of song in his heart nourished from the same sources, and his strains made beautiful by displaying the finest beatings and holiest affections of the Scottish heart in humble life.

The preface to the book is—not a romance, for romance supposes something distant and imaginative—but one of the most touching stories of real life ever revealed. This weaver raises the curtain which separates the feelings and sufferings of his class from the sight of the more fortunate. The spectacle is a painful but instructive one. It is like catching a glimpse of the interior organisation of the human frame, and understanding what strange secrets are hidden under cover of the godly outward body. The first view is repulsive, for the elements of life are shocking to the eye; but when the connection of all the parts, one to another, is traced—when it is seen you cannot touch the brain, or burden the stomach, or affect the heart, without deranging the whole system—you admire the harmony that prevails, and become wiser for the knowledge that, if one organ

be disturbed, the whole body is in danger of fatal sickness. Such a lesson is taught in this book; the author feelingly vindicates the virtues and sensibility of the poor, and seeks to destroy the barrier that separates them from the rich. He shows how much fine affection and pure love may dwell in the heart that has hardly a rag to cover it; what heroism may spring from the extremity of wretchedness; what generosity may be born of misfortune.

A handloom-weaver in Newtyle, near Cupar Angus, found, some years back, his employment fail him. In consideration of his wife and large family, he was supplied with one web weekly, and that produced him five shillings. Five shillings a week for a family of six persons, and in winter, too, when fuel was dear! One by one the hoarded articles of better days were parted with; and still, with every exertion, the children could hardly be kept alive. Think, then, what must have been their agony when sometimes even that five shillings earned so hardly was stopped. The picture of one day's suffering gives a key to that of months:—

"Imagine a cold spring forenoon. It is eleven o'clock, but our little dwelling shows none of the signs of that time of day. The four children are still asleep. There is a bed-cover hung before the window to keep all within as much like night as possible, and the mother sits beside the beds of her children to lull them back to sleep whenever any shows an inclination to awake. For this there is a cause, for our weekly five shillings have not come as expected, and the only food in the house consists of a handful of oatmeal saved from the supper of last night. Our fuel is exhausted. My wife and I were conversing in sunken whispers about making an attempt to cook the handful of meal, when the youngest child awoke beyond its mother's power to hush it again to sleep, and then fell a whimpering, and finally broke out into a steady scream, which, of course, rendered it impossible any longer to keep the rest in a state of unconsciousness. Face after face sprung up, each with one consent exclaiming, 'Oh, mother, mother, gie a piece!' How weak a word is sorrow to apply to the feelings of myself and wife during the remainder of that dreary forenoon!"

Matters grew worse in place of better; and at last the poor weaver and his family determined to leave a place where starvation threatened them. Pawning the last dearly-prized remnant of their prosperous days—for that period was prosperous with them when work could be obtained by willing hands—they obtained a few shillings, and, with these purchasing "a pack," and a few cheap books and tracts, this pair, with their young children, set out on their

wanderings. How disastrous, after a long journey, was their first night; they bagged at farm-houses, where cheerful lights gleamed through the windows of comfortable rooms, for shelter in the barn; and were denied; at fine residences, where everything told of luxurious living, they implored they might lie down in the stable or cattle-shed, and were repulsed. The mother had an infant in her arms, and the chill night wind, combined with deprivation of food, fell heavy on it. At midnight they obtained permission to rest in the outhouse of a farmer more hospitable than his fellows. But sleep was denied them. They were roused by the piercing shrieks of the mother. Her Jeannie had died as she held the infant's lips to her all but barren breast!

When their darling was buried, they again set forth on their weary pilgrimage, but with saddened and woeful hearts. They experienced the worst condition of humanity in a civilised country; they were homeless wanderers, knowing not where to procure food or to lay their head. The weaver's narrative touchingly describes the burden of existence under such circumstances:—

"The busy singing world above us was a nuisance, and around the loaded fields bore nothing for us—we were things apart. Nor knew we where that night our couch might be, or where to-morrow our grave. 'Tis but fair to say, however, that our children never were ill off during the daytime. Where our goods were not bought, we were nevertheless offered 'a piece to the bairnies.' One thing which might contribute to this was, that our appearance, as yet, was respectable, and it seemed as if the people saw in us neither the shrewd hawk-er nor the habitual mendicant, so that we were better supplied with food than had been our lot for many a month before. But oh, the ever-recurring sunset! Then came the time of sad conjecturing and sorrowful outlook. To seek lodging at a farm before sunset was to ensure refusal. After nightfall the children, worn out with the day's wanderings, turned fretful, and slept whenever we sat down."

Affairs at last took a better turn. In other days the weaver had been attached to his flute, and bore it with him through all his misfortunes. Accident suggested to him its use as a means of relief. When at Methven the woman, who kept a refuge for the very poorest, demanded sixpence for a night's lodging for his family. He had not so much in the world, and rather than beg, determined to try his fortune with his flute. With his poor faithful partner he walked beyond the precincts of the town, waiting till the shades of evening fell, and then took his flute from his pocket. What a

bright picture is here of the sympathy of the poor with wretchedness:

"The sun had been down a good while, and the gloaming was lovely. In spite of everything, I felt a momentary reprieve. I dipped my flute in a little burn, and began to play. It rang sweetly amongst the trees. I moved on and on, still playing, and still facing the town. "The Flowers of the Forest" brought me before the house lately mentioned. My music raised one window after another. * * * Shall I not bless the good folk of Methven? Let me ever chance to meet a Methven weaver in distress, and I will share my last bannock with him. These men—for I knew them as they knew me, by instinct—these men not only helped me themselves, but testified their gratitude to every one that did so. There was enough to encourage further perseverance; but I felt, after all, that I had begun too late in life ever to acquire that 'ease and grace' which is indispensable to him who would successfully 'carry the gaberlunzie on.'"

In all his wanderings he never failed to meet with commiseration and relief from those but a little better off than himself. Those who had but half work never denied these wayfarers a seat at their board, and a portion of their substance: this he found so often that he emphatically exclaims, "If it was not for the poor the poorer would perish." In that text there is much to meditate on. It is the theme for charitable thoughts, and for kind constructions, for merciful judgments, of people who, amid strong temptations and fearful want, yet preserve so much of active sympathy and benevolence for beings more wretched than themselves.

When things became more settled, the weaver returned to his loom, and settled with his family at Inverury. When destitute of work he amused himself with writing out verses. Some of these were sent to the *Aberdeen Herald*, and attracted the notice of Mr. Gordon. When sitting with his children down to the last meal he could procure on a bitter winter day, with their few things packed up ready to start for the Aberdeen House of Refuge, he received a handsome gift from that gentleman, which proved only the earnest of greater benefits. Mr. Gordon invited the weaver and his family to his house, took him to London, and introduced him to society.

The result we are not told. It is not, however, too much to hope that happier moments are reserved for those who have endured so much. In a future number we may take further notice of his verses. One specimen is all we can find room for at present.

THEY SPEAK O' WYLES.

AIR—"Gin a bodie meet a bodie."
 They speak o' wyles in woman's smiles,
 An' ruin in her e'e—
 I ken they bring a pang at whiles
 That's unco sair to dree;
 But mind ye this, the half-la'en kiss,
 The first fond fa'in' tear,
 Is, Heaven kens, fu' sweet amen's,
 An' tints o' heaven here.
 When twa leal hearts in fondness meet,
 Life's tempests howl in vain—
 The very tears o' love are sweet
 When paid with tears again.
 Shall sapless prudence shake its pow?
 Shall cauldrie caution fear?
 O, dinna, dinna droune the lowe
 That lights a heaven here!
 What tho' we're ca'd a wee before
 The stae "threacore an' ten;"
 When "Joy" keels kindly at your door,
 Aye bid her welcome ben.
 About yon blisafu' bowers above
 Let doubtfu' mortals speir,
 Sae weel ken we that "heaven is love,"
 Since love maks heaven here.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF RIVERS.



Arms.—Sa. a fesse chequy ar. and az. between three bezants.
Crest.—A stork, pp. beaked and membered, or, the right foot resting on an anchor erect, cabled, of the last.
Supporters.—Dexter, a falcon, wings endorsed, or; sinister an unicorn, ar.
Motto.—*Equam servare mentem.* "Preserve an equal mind."

This family, the branches of which extend through the counties of Dorset, Somerset, Southampton, &c., is descended from Nicholas Pitt, who lived in the reign of Henry VI, and whose grandson, John Pitt, clerk of the Exchequer in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, marrying Joan, daughter of John Swayne, Esq., left with two daughters, three sons, William, John, and Thomas, of Blandford, in the county of Dorset, ancestor of the earls of Chatham. The eldest son, Sir William Pitt, knight, was comptroller of the household, and a principal officer in the Exchequer in the reign of James I. He died in 1636, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Edward Pitt, Esq., of Strathfieldsaye, who was succeeded, in 1643, by his eldest surviving son, George Pitt, Esq., an officer in the royal

army during the civil wars. This gentleman married, in 1657, Jane, eldest daughter of John Savage, second earl of Rivers (a dignity which expired with John, fifth earl, in 1728), and relict of George Brydges, lord Chandos. He was succeeded by his eldest son, George Pitt, Esq., of Strathfieldsaye, M.P. for the county of Hants, who dying in 1745, was succeeded by his eldest son, George Pitt, Esq., M.P. for the county of Dorset, and a diplomatist of the first grade, who was elevated to the peerage, 20th May, 1776, by the title of baron Rivers, of Strathfieldsaye. His lordship obtained a second patent, 16th March, 1802, creating him baron Rivers, of Sudley Castle, in the county of Gloucester, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his brother, Sir William Augustus Pitt, K.B., and after him to the male issue of Louisa, Mrs. Beckford, his daughter. He was succeeded by his son George, who, dying in 1803, was succeeded by his son George, second baron, born 19th September, 1751, one of the lords of the bedchamber. His lordship died in July, 1828, unmarried, when the barony of "Rivers of Strathfieldsaye" expired, while that of "Rivers of Sudley Castle," devolved, according to the limitation, on his nephew, Horace William Beckford, Esq., as third baron, born Dec., 1777, who married 9th Feb., 1808, Frances, only daughter of Lieut. Col. Francis Hale Rigby, of Mistley Hall, in the county of Essex, and had issue, George Pitt Rivers, present baron, Horace, Fanny, and Harriet-Elizabeth. Lord Rivers relinquished entirely his paternal surname of Beckford, and assumed that of Pitt-Rivers, but his lordship's issue are to bear the name of Pitt only. His lordship died 23rd Jan. 1831, and was succeeded by the present Rivers, of Sudley Castle.

DON'T TALK OF SEPTEMBER.

Fram the Tyne Mercury.

Don't talk of September!—a lady
Must think it of all months the worst;
The men are preparing already
To take themselves off on the First.
I try to arrange a small party,
The girls dance together—how tame!
I'd get up my game of ecarte,
But they go to bring down *their* game!

Last month, their attention to quicken,
A supper I knew was the thing;
But now from my turkey and chicken,
They're tempted by birds on the wing!
They shoulder their terrible rifles,
(It's really too much for my nerves!)
And alighting my sweets and my trifles,
Prefer my Lord Harry's preserves!

Miss Lovemore, with great consternation,
Now hears of the horrible plan,
And fears that her little flirtation
Was only a flash in the pan!

Oh! marriage is hard of digestion,
The men are all sparing of words;
And now, 'stead of popping the question,
They set off to pop at the birds.

Go, false ones, your aim is so horrid,
That love at the sight of you dies;
You care not for locks on the forehead,
The locks made by Manton you prize!
All thoughts sentimental exploding,
Like *flints* I behold you depart;
You heed not, when priming and loading,
The load you have left on my heart.

They talk about patent percussions,
And all preparations for sport;
Let these double-barrel discussions
Exhaust double bottles of port!
The dearest is deaf to my summons,
As off on his pony he jogs;
A doleful condition is woman's;
The men are all *gone to the dogs!*

THE DRAGOMAN'S ART.

The trust necessarily reposed in an interpreter by those who travel to distant and comparatively unknown lands is, of course, great. Ignorance and pride may often misrepresent, and be slow to set right. A more whimsical, but, we fear, just, description of the sort of communication which occasionally takes place between Europeans and Mehemet Ali, we have not seen than that furnished, in a jocular but clever work, called "Eothes, or Traces of Travel brought home from the East." The farcical representation which the author gives is neatly introduced. He says:

I think I should mislead you, if I were to attempt to give the substance of any particular conversation with Orientals. A traveller may write and say that, "the Pasha of so and so was particularly interested in the vast progress which has been made in the application of steam, and appeared to understand the structure of our machinery—that he remarked upon the gigantic results of our manufacturing industry—showed that he possessed considerable knowledge of our Indian affairs, and of the constitution of the Company, and expressed a lively admiration of the many sterling qualities for which the people of England are distinguished." But the heap of commonplaces thus quietly attributed to the Pasha, will have been founded perhaps on some such talking as this:—

Pasha.—The Englishman is welcome; most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming.

Dragoman (to the Traveller).—The Pasha pays you his compliments.

Traveller.—Give him my best compliments in return, and say I'm delighted to have the honour of seeing him.

Dragoman (to the Pasha).—His Lordship, this Englishman, Lord of London, Scornor of Ireland, Suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies to breathe for a moment, and has

crossed the broad waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the Pasha among Pashas—the Pasha of the everlasting Pashalik of Karagholookoldour.

Traveller (to his Dragoman).—What on earth have you been saying about London? The Pasha will be taking me for a cockney. Have I not told you *always* to say that I am a branch of the family of Mudcomb Park, and that I am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I'm not qualified, and that I should have been a deputy-lieutenant, if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord Mountpromise, and that I was a candidate for Goldborough at the last election, and that I would have won easy, if my committee had not been bought. I wish to heaven that if you *do* say anything about me, you'd tell the simple truth.

Dragoman.—[is silent.]

Pasha.—What says the friendly Lord of London? is there aught that I can grant him within the pashalik of Karagholookoldour?

Dragoman (growing sulky and literal).—This friendly Englishman—this branch of Mudcombe—this purveyor of Goldborough—this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, is recounting his achievements, and the number of his titles.

Pasha.—The ends of his honours is more distant than the ends of the earth, and the catalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of Heaven!

Dragoman (to the Traveller).—The Pasha congratulates your excellency.

Traveller.—About Goldborough? The deuce he does!—but I want to get at his views, in relation to the present state of the Ottoman Empire; tell him the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a speech from the throne, pledging England to preserve the integrity of the Sultan's dominions.

Dragoman (to the Pasha).—This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs your Highness that in England the talking houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions has been assured for ever and ever, by a speech from the velvet chair.

Pasha.—This wonderful chair! Wonderful houses!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!—wonderful chair! wonderful houses! wonderful people!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller (to the Dragoman).—What does the Pasha mean by that whizzing? he does not mean to say, does he, that Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan?

Dragoman.—No, your excellency, but he

says the English talk by wheels, and by steam.

Traveller.—That's an exaggeration; but say that the English really have carried machinery to great perfection! tell the Pasha (he'll be struck with that), that whenever we have any disturbance to put down, even at two or three hundred miles from London, we can send troops by the thousand, to the scene of action, in a few hours.

Dragoman (recovering his temper and freedom of speech).—His excellency, this Lord of Mudcombe, observes to your Highness, that whenever the Irish, or the French, or the Indians rebel against the English, whole armies of soldiers, and brigades of artillery, are dropped into a mighty chasm called Euston Square, and in the biting of a cartridge they arise up again in Manchester, or in Dublin, or Paris, or Delhi, and utterly exterminate the enemies of England from the face of the earth.

Pasha.—I know it—I know all—the particulars have been faithfully related to me, and my mind comprehends locomotives. The armies of the English ride upon vapours of boiling cauldrons, and their horses are flaming coals!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels—whiz! whiz! whiz! all by steam.

Traveller (to his Dragoman).—I wish to have the opinion of an unprejudiced Ottoman gentleman, as to the prospects of our English commerce and manufactures; just ask the Pasha to give me his views on the subject.

Pasha (after having received the communication of the Dragoman).—The ships of the English swarm like flies; their printed calicoes cover the whole of the earth, and by the sides of their swords the blades of Damascus are blades of grass. All India is but an item in the ledger-books of the merchants, whose lumber-rooms are filled with ancient thrones!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Dragoman.—The Pasha compliments the cutlery of England, and also the East India Company.

Traveller.—The Pasha's right about the cutlery (I tried my scimitar with the common officer's swords belonging to our fellows at Malta, and they cut it like the leaf of a novel). Well, (to the Dragoman) tell the Pasha I am exceedingly gratified to find that he entertains such a high opinion of our manufacturing energy, but I should like him to know, though, that we have got something in England besides that. These foreigners are always fancying that we have nothing but ships, and railways, and East India Companies; do just tell the Pasha, that our rural districts

deserve his attention, and that even within the last two hundred years, there has been an evident improvement in the culture of the turnip, and if he does not take any interest about that, at all events, you can explain that we have our virtues in the country—that the British yeomen is still, thank God! the British yeoman:—Oh! and by the bye, whilst you are about it, you may as well say that we are a truth-telling people, and, like the Osmanlees, are faithful in the performance of our promises.

Pasha (after hearing the *Dragoman*).—It is true, it is true:—through all Feringhistan the English are foremost, and best; for the Russians are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping babes, and the Italians are the servants of songs, and the French are the sons of newspapers, and the Greeks they are weavers of lies, but the English and the Osmanlees are brothers together in righteousness; for the Osmanlees believe in one only God, and cleave to the Koran, and destroy idols, so do the English worship one God, and abominate graven images, and tell the truth, and believe in a book, and though they drink the juice of the grape, yet to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they are eaters of pork, these are lies,—lies born of Greeks, and nursed by Jews!

Dragoman.—The *Pasha* compliments the English.

Traveller (rising).—Well, I've had enough of this. Tell the *Pasha* I am greatly obliged to him for his hospitality, and still more for his kindness in furnishing me with horses, and say that now I must be off.

Pasha (after hearing the *Dragoman*, and standing up on his divan).—Proud are the sires, and blessed are the dams, of the horses that shall carry his excellency to the end of his prosperous journey.—May the saddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city, like a boat swimming on the third river of Paradise.—May he sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him, and the while that his enemies are abroad, may his eyes flame red through the darkness—more red than the eyes of ten tigers!—farewell!

Dragoman.—The *Pasha* wishes your excellency a pleasant journey.

So ends the visit.

THE DIAMOND MINES OF BRAZIL, AND THE DIAMOND FINDERS.

The discovery of the diamond mines of Brazil, which has proved so detrimental to the prosperity of India, took place early in the eighteenth century. In 1730 the diamonds were declared royal property, though all persons were permitted, under certain regulations, to engage in their extraction.

On every negro thus employed, a capitation tax, varying from £1 6s. 0½d. to £13 0s. 5d., was imposed. In a few years it was found that owing to the extraordinary increase in the number of diamonds brought into the market, their value had diminished three-fourths. Measures were then taken to limit the extent of the supply. In 1785, the diamond mines were farmed at £35,854 2s. 4d. per annum; but the speculators were bound to employ no more than six hundred slaves; and this system was continued until 1772.

It was, however, discovered that the working of the diamond mines by private individuals, whose interests were diametrically opposed to those of the government, as in despotisms they always must be, was accompanied by frauds and abuses of various kinds. The government subsequently determined to take into its own hands the superintendence of the mines, and new regulations were drawn up. By these the diamond district was more effectually cut off from the rest of the world. Situated in a country governed by absolute power, it was now subjected to a despotism still more absolute; all social ties were snapped asunder, or greatly enfeebled—in short, everything was sacrificed to the design of securing the exclusive property of the diamonds to the crown. In several instances, the extreme severity of the regulations caused them to fall, like the laws of Draco, into desuetude; those for example, intended to limit the amount of the population and the number of the merchants; which condemned to confiscation or the galleys a negro detected with mining implements in his possession, or prohibited the sinking of the foundations of a house unless four officers of government were present. When M. de Saint-Hilaire visited the mines in 1817, the administration had undergone successive modifications. The principal officer, at this period, was denominated the intendant of the diamonds, whose jurisdiction extended over the whole province. His power was nearly absolute. He regulated at his pleasure every thing connected with the working of the diamond mines, removed or suspended the employes, refused or granted permission to enter the district—without which even the governors of the province themselves had not the power to pass its boundaries—took whatever measures he judged proper for the prevention of smuggling, and directed the movements of the military force. But the authority of the intendant was not confined to what more immediately concerned the mines; the police in the interior of the district was under his control; and being at once an administrator and a judge, it was necessary that he should have studied jurisprudence. In civil transactions, where

the value of the property in litigation did not exceed one hundred thousand reis (£25 sterling), he judged without audience or appeal. Lawyers were banished from the district; and this, it does not appear, was ever the subject of complaint. The authority of the intendant in criminal affairs was extremely bounded. The treasury in which the diamonds were deposited, had three keys, one of which was placed in his hands, the second in those of the first treasurer, and the third was held by the principal clerk.

The places where diamonds are found, and where a body of slaves, with the requisite officers and overseer, are established, are called "services." According to the regulations, each of these troops should have a separate chaplain; but the administration being exceedingly poor, and therefore compelled to be economical, had commenced its reforms by diminishing the number of priests; one chaplain being compelled to superintend two troops of negroes, when they happen to work at the same service. All the negroes who labour in the different services belong to private individuals, who hire them, at so much per week, to the administration of the mines. They once amounted to three thousand; but the increasing poverty of the government caused this number to be diminished to one thousand; and their pay was reduced to less than half of what it formerly was. Each negro was clothed, and furnished with medical attendance during sickness, at the expense of his owner; but he is maintained and supplied with tools by the administration.

The condition of these slaves, whose labours furnish the costly gems which sparkle on the bosom or amid the tresses of beauty, forms a striking contrast with that of the classes whom they enrich or adorn by their toil. A wretched species of food, scantily doled out, enabled them to sustain for a few years the weight of their misery. A quantity of coarse maize flour, a certain proportion of kidney beans, and a little salt, constituted the whole of their food; to which, by way of luxury, a small quantity of roll tobacco was added. When the kidney beans fail, their place was supplied by some kind of animal food. As little time was allowed the negroes during the day, they were compelled to dress their food on the preceding evening, sometimes with no other fuel than a little dried grass. Being forced to remain, almost the whole year, with their feet all day in the water, living on food little strengthening or nutritious, and generally cold or badly cooked, they were subject to enfeebling disorders, arising from the debilitated state of the alimentary canal. Frequently, they incurred the risk of being crushed by falling

rocks, or avalanches of earth, which suddenly detach themselves from the face of the precipices. Their labour was painful without intermission. Constantly under the eye of the overseer, to snatch a moment's repose was beyond their power. Nevertheless, such is the wretchedness of their condition in the domestic or particular service of their owners, such the natural appetite of man for gain, that these unfortunate beings exhibited a decided preference for this species of employment. The money, observes M. de Saint-Hilaire, which they procured by secreting diamonds, and the hope of emancipation, should they be fortunate enough to find a gem of a certain size, were doubtless the principal causes of this preference; and being in large numbers, they contrived, in spite of their wretchedness, to excite each other to merriment, singing in chorus the songs of their native land; whereas in the houses of their masters they were subjected to a thousand caprices, here they obeyed one fixed rule, and so long as they conformed to it, feared no chastisement.

In ancient Egypt, as is learned from the sculptural paintings of Eilithyas, even the reapers in the fields were kept in order by fear of the whip; and the relation of Agatharchides discloses the character of the cruel regulations to which the labourers in the emerald mines, in the eastern desert, were subjected. The practices of despotism are the same in all ages and countries. In the diamond mines of Brazil, the whip is the principal incentive to industry; each of the overseers being generally armed with a large stick, terminated by a strip of leather, with which he is to chastise on the spot any negro whom he considers negligent. It may easily be imagined how frequently such a being, constantly irritated by the irksomeness of his employment, must be tempted to strike. When the fault is of a serious nature, a more severe punishment is inflicted; the criminal on these occasions being tied to a ladder, and scourged by two of his companions with a whip of five thongs.

From this mode of life, a fortunate accident sometimes frees the slave. When he happens to find a diamond weighing an octavo, or 17½ carats, his value is ascertained by the administration, the price is paid to his owner, he is dressed, and set at liberty. His comrades, rejoicing at his good fortune, place a crown upon his head, make a feast, and bear him in triumph on their shoulders. He is entitled to preserve his situation in the mines, and receives weekly the sum formerly paid to his owner. If the diamond weighs only three-fourths of an octavo, the slave still obtains his freedom, though he is obliged to labour for the government some time longer. In 1816,

out of one thousand negros, three obtained their liberty; in the following year not a single instance had occurred up to the month of October, the period of M. De Saint-Hilaire's visit. For the discovery of diamonds of inferior weight and value, the slaves receive trifling rewards, as a knife, a hat, a waistcoat, &c.

When the negro finds a diamond, he shows it to the overseer, holding it between his fore-finger and thumb, and spreading his other finger; after which he deposits it in the wooden bowl suspended from the roof of the shed beneath which the operation of washing is carried on. At nightfall, the overseers in a body bear the bowl to the special administrator, who takes an account of the diamonds found, causes their number and weight to be ascertained, and puts them in a purse, which he is supposed always to wear about his person. Monthly, or at shorter intervals, should the junta require it, the diamonds are deposited in the treasury, each administrator forwarding those found in his service, by one or two overseers, accompanied by a number of slaves. The treasurers verify the number of gems delivered to them, weigh them again, and enter in the book an exact account of their weight, the name of the service where they were found, and the dates of their reception. These preliminaries completed, they lodge them in the treasury. Every year they send to Rio de Janeiro the diamonds found during the preceding twelve months, in the following manner. They have twelve sieves, each pierced with holes of a different size; the first large, the rest diminishing gradually; and through these the gems are successively passed. The largest diamonds remain in the first sieve, those a size less in the second; and so on, until the smallest fall even through the last. Thus they are divided into twelve lots, each of which is made up into a separate packet, inclosed in bags; and these are placed in a chest, on which the intendant, the fiscal, and the first treasurer put their seals. This done, the chest departs, accompanied by an officer appointed by the intendant, with two horse soldiers and four infantry under his command. On arriving at the Villa Rica, it is conveyed to the general, who, without opening it, affixes his seal; it is then forwarded under the protection of the same escort to the capital.

The negro who conceals a diamond is severely punished. It is in vain, however, that the rigour of the laws has been increased, and measures of prevention resorted to. Cupidity and skill set all terrors at defiance. Formerly, when the diamonds were more abundant, there existed a sort of smugglers who, acting in concert, dispersed themselves over the places where

the jewels were most plentifully found, and sought for them themselves. Some of the party, stationed as sentinels on the heights, gave notice to the labourers of the approach of the troops; upon which the whole band made their escape, climbing the most difficult and precipitous mountains. This was the practice that caused them to be denominated *grimpeiros* or 'climbers,' from which, by corruption, the word *arimpeiros*, the appellation by which they are still known, has been formed. Since the diamonds have grown more rare, and require considerable labour to extract them from the earth, this extraordinary race of smugglers has disappeared, though a few fugitive negros, miserable and desperate, still go in quest of chance jewels along the banks of the remote solitary streams.

The negroes in thieving exhibit a degree of subtlety which the most experienced knaves might behold with envy. The new comers, raw novices, on their arrival, are instructed in the mysteries of the profession by the old, whom they quickly rival in ability. One of the predecessors of M. Da Camara, intendant of the mines, complaining that the abstraction of diamonds had become extremely frequent, and accusing the administrators of being wanting in vigilance, was assured by the latter that the most active surveillance could not prevent the delinquencies of the slaves. Desirous, however, of ascertaining by experience the ability of the negroes, the intendant commanded the most adroit among them to appear before him, placed a small jewel amidst a heap of sand and flints in one of the channels where they usually washed for diamonds, and promised the slave his liberty if he could steal it without being detected in the theft. The negro then began washing sand in the ordinary manner, while the intendant steadfastly fixed his eyes upon his movements. In a few minutes the magistrate demanded of the black, where the stone was. "If reliance may be placed on the word of a white man," replied the negro, "I am free;" and taking the diamond from his mouth, he showed it to the intendant.

The temporary villages which spring up rapidly in the vicinity of the mines, and fall to decay with equal rapidity when the works are abandoned, present, while they last, a not displeasing appearance, perched on the sunny slopes of the hills, or on the romantic precipitous banks of the diamond streams. One of these curious establishments is thus described by M. de Saint-Hilaire.

"The houses of the troop of Corrego Novo, in number twenty-two, form a small hamlet rising on a gentle slope above the stream. They are constructed with earth, and thatched with straw, and stand round

a square open space. None of them possess a second story; and their roofs, very different from those which are elsewhere seen in Brazil, are considerably higher than the walls that support them. The huts of the negroes, inferior in size to those of the overseers, have no windows, and are each inhabited by several slaves. Those of the overseers, on the other hand, are furnished with casements, are white-washed, and in many instances surrounded with gardens, in which I observed peach-trees in blossom. Two overseers dwell in the same house, which contains two apartments and a kitchen. The administrator occupies an entire mansion, and with him I remained during my stay at Corrego Novo."

In most cases, the working of gold or diamond mines,—and the remark may perhaps be applied to many other sorts of mining,—must be regarded as a species of gambling; at all events its results on the moral constitution are to a certain extent the same. Sudden exaltation from poverty to riches, succeeded by expensive habits, dissipation, voluptuousness, and an utter distaste for the more ordinary processes of industry, marks the career of both gambler and the miner. Even in the midst of poverty he dreams of incalculable wealth, refuses to direct his attention to any useful employment, and constantly deluded by insane hallucinations, drags on a life of wretchedness, with El Dorado ever glittering before his imagination. The provinces traversed by M. de Saint-Hilaire furnish numerous examples of this kind of madness. Formerly, great fortunes were sometimes acquired by a lucky accident, with marvellous rapidity, when near the Rio do Carmo, gold, as Lucecock observes, was frequently found by plucking up the grass, and shaking the roots. Those days however, are now over; yet numbers of adventurers, stimulated by these hackneyed traditions, continue to haunt the neighbourhood of the old mines.

Review.

The Pictorial Reader, compiled from the most approved authorities.—[Brittain.

We have here but a small volume astonishingly full of entertainment. It consists of extracts, for the most part from modern writers. Some interest attaches to bringing clever writers together, who have never been seen side by side before. It is admirably got up, and profusely illustrated. The embellishments bring before the eye the image of all that is most striking in the accompanying essays or narratives, and it is truly said, that here, at a trifling,

at an insignificant cost, the rising generation may enjoy "such an assemblage of pictorial representations, as would formerly have created an expense which the affluent alone could meet."

We add a specimen of the cuts. That we select, relates to De Foe's description of starving, p. 50. The curious will perhaps like to compare this fictitious picture with the real description of Famine which appeared in a late number, p. 154.

"The third day, in the morning, after a night of strange and confused inconsistent dreams, and rather dozing than sleeping, I awaked ravenous and furious with hunger; and I question, had not my understanding returned and conquered it, I say, I question whether, if I had been a mother, and had a little child with me, its life would have been safe or no.

"This lasted about three hours, during which time I was twice raging mad as any creature in Bedlam, as my young master told me, and as he now can inform you.

"In one of these fits of lunacy or distraction, whether by the motion of the ship or some slip of the foot, I know not, I fell down, and struck my face against the corner of a pallet-bed, in which my mistress lay, and with the blow, the blood gushed out of my nose, and the cabin-boy bringing me a little basin, I sat down, and bled into it a great deal; and as the blood ran from me, I came to myself, and the violence of the flame or the fever I was in abated, and so did the ravenous part of the hunger.

"Then I grew sick, and retched to vomit, but could not, for I had nothing in my stomach to bring up. After I had bled some time I swooned, and they all believed I was dead; but I came to myself soon after, and then had a most dreadful pain in my stomach, not to be described, not like the colic, but a gnawing eager pain for food; and towards night it went off with a kind of earnest wishing or longing for food, I took another draught of water with sugar in it, but my stomach loathed the sugar, and brought it all up again; then I took a draught of water without sugar, and that staid with me, and I laid me down upon the bed, praying most heartily that it would please God to take me away; and, composing my mind in hopes of it, I slumbered awhile, and then waking, thought myself dying, being light with vapours from an empty stomach; I recommended my soul to God, and earnestly wished that somebody would throw me into the sea.

"All this while my mistress lay by me, just, as I thought, expiring, but bore it with much more patience than I, and gave the last bit of bread she had to her child, my young master, who would not have

taken it, but she obliged him to eat it, and I believe it saved his life.

"Towards the morning I slept again, and first when I awaked I fell into a violent pas-

sion of crying, and after that had a second fit of violent hunger, so that I got up ravenous, and in a most dreadful condition. Had my mistress been dead, so much as I



loved her, I am certain I should have eaten a piece of her flesh, with as much relish, and as unconcerned, as ever I did the flesh of any creature appointed for food; and once or twice I was going to bite my own arm. At last I saw the basin in which

was the blood I had bled at my nose the day before; I ran to it, and swallowed it with much haste, and such a greedy appetite, as if I had wondered nobody had taken it before, and afraid it should be taken from me now."

The Gatherer.

Outrage on Royalty.—The robbers of the present day do not stand for trifles; of this a new instance has been given in the case of the duke of Genoa, the second son of the king of Sardinia, who, it is stated in a letter from Tunis, of the 10th ult, while riding in the neighbourhood of his chateau of Taconige, was stopped by banditti. The prince told them who he was, which, however, did not prevent the robbers carrying away his purse, watch, and some jewels.

On the admiration of Women of Rank and Beauty.—"Pray why is it absurd in me to think, that the chivalrous spirit which dictated a veneration for women of condition and of beauty, without any consideration whatever of enjoying them, was the great source of those manners which have been the pride and ornament of Europe for so many ages? And am I not to lament that I have lived to see those manners extinguished in so shocking a manner, by means of speculation of finance, and the false science of a sordid and degenerate philosophy? I tell you again,—that the recollection of the manner in which I saw the queen of France, in the year 1774, and

the contrast between that brilliancy, splendour, and beauty, with the prostrate homage of a nation to her—and the abominable scene of 1789, which I was describing—*did* draw tears from me, and wetted my paper. These tears came again into my eyes, almost as often as I looked at the description;—they may again. You do not believe this fact, nor that these are my real feelings; but that the whole is affected, or, as you express it, downright foppery. My friend, I tell you it is the truth; and that is true, and will be truth, when you and I are no more; and will exist as long as men with their natural feelings shall exist. I shall say no more on this foppery of mine."—*Burke.*

Manufacture of Iron.—The application of electricity, to supersede several of the expensive processes in the manufacture of iron, has, it is stated, been tried in the Welsh and Derbyshire furnaces with satisfactory results. It appears that the costly fuel and labour required for the purification of the ore from sulphur, phosphorus, and subtle elements, create its high market value, and these being all electro-negative, have induced the new process, whereby the impure stream of metal, after flowing from the blast, is, in its moment of

consolidation subjected to a powerful voltaic battery, which so disengages the impure components that in the process of puddling they are readily extracted.—*Newcastle Advertiser.*

Taglioni and Her Husband.—Taglioni has obtained from the French tribunals a divorce from her husband, M. Gilbert des Voisins, on the ground of his having refused to admit her into his house. The unsuccessful plea of the husband was, that his wife, Madame Marie, had violated the engagement contracted by her at her marriage, to renounce the stage; and had for ten years lived separate from him. [Though anxious to restrain her dancing steps, the husband appears at last to have regretted that he caused her to take other steps to obtain a divorce.]

Epigram suggested by the recent blustering of the French Press against England.

La Jeune France in a fever boast loud of their Prince;

Of his writing and fighting they're full,
Still it needeth no argument all to convince
That *John Veal* is no match for *John Bull*!!

R. R. B.

[Though far fetched, the above is neat.
At least the pun on *Veal* is meet.]

A young Author and the Booksellers.—

"You have no idea, what a heart-breaking life that of a young scribbler, beating about, and endeavouring to make his way in London, is: going into a bookseller's shop, as I have often done, and being obliged to praise up my own manuscript, to induce him to look at it at all—for there is so much competition, that a person without a name will not even get a trial—while he puts on his spectacles, and answers all your self-commendation with a 'hum—um;—' a set of hardened villains! and yet at no time whatever could I have been prevailed upon to quit London altogether."—*Gerald Griffin.*

Neddy Rapid Outdone.—"In the brief space of sixty-two days I have twice crossed the Atlantic; devoted a week to London and its environs, another to Paris and Versailles; giving the principal part of a day to each of the great cities of Liverpool, Birmingham, Brighton, Dieppe, Rouen, Nancy, Strasburg, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Frankfurt, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Verviers, Liege, Malines, Antwerp, Oxford, Derby, York, Leeds, and Manchester; examined the *chemins de fer* of France, Germany, and Belgium; the railways of England, with the stations and depots of each country; travelled in cars of the first, second, third, and fourth classes, in post-chaises, *fiacres*, *cabriolets*, and omnibuses; in the various compartments of diligences; on the top of English post-coaches; lodged in magnificent hotels with princes and nobles, in common houses with

'travellers' and dissenters; sailed down the Rhine from Mayence, by Coblenz, to Cologne, amid towering mountains and vine-hills, crowned by the ruins of ancient castles and feudal halls; paused to admire the palaces and cathedrals that have exhausted the wealth of nations, the cloistered abbey and crumbling monastery; traversed the classic halls and green lawns of Oxford; attended an anti-corn law meeting in Oxfordshire; and seen lords and squires put down by the eloquence and talent of self-made men; explored the courts of Westminster, the galleries and museums of Paris, Versailles, and Antwerp."—*Two Months Abroad, by a Railroad Director of Massachusetts.*

Cardinal Cheverus.—The statue of the late apostolic bishop of Bordeaux, was inaugurated on the 8th ult, in his native town of Mayenne, with the pomp, civil and religious, due to the occasion. The statue, which is by the sculptor David, is highly spoken of, and described as expressing, in attitude and sentiment, the *Siniste parvulus* of the Gospel. Four bas-reliefs present passages in the life of the cardinal; one exhibits his heroic bearing amid the tempest, on the coast of France; another his meeting, in the American forest, with the native converts who had lost their pastor; a third represents him administering consolation in the hut of an aged negro; and a fourth shows him bearing wood to the sick-chamber of the poor woman, whose husband returns home unexpectedly to find the holy man discharging this work of lowly charity.

Public Works in Liverpool.—In Liverpool there are the following works now in progress:—Assize Courts, (Corporation) cost £80,000; New Gaol, (Corporation) cost £100,000; Albert Dock and warehouses, (Dock Committee) £600,000; New North Dock Works, including land and junction with Leeds Canal, (Dock Committee) £1,500,000; Reservoirs, Green-lane, and corresponding works, (Highway Commissioners) £50,000; Industrial Schools at Kirkdale, (Select Vestry) £30,000; Gas Extension, (New Gas Company) £140,000; Shaw-street Park, (private shareholders) £2,500; making a gross total of £2,500,000.

Eleven Jurymen and a half.—"I remember," says Lord Eldon, "Mr Justice Gould trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed—'Here are only eleven jurymen in the box; where is the twelfth?' 'Please you, my Lord,' said one of the eleven, 'he is gone away about some business, but he has left his verdict with me.'"

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